

BENEFIT EXHIBITION
FOR THE
AMERICAN
FIELD SERVICE



AMERICAN
PROVINCIAL
PAINTINGS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF J. STUART HALLADAY AND
HERREL GEORGE THOMAS



WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
10 WEST EIGHTH STREET • NEW YORK



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OCTOBER 27 TO NOVEMBER 19
1942



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ANTI-AIRCRAFT BARRAGE OVER TOBRUK, 1942

Photograph by Croswell Bowen

F O R E W O R D

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE is an organization with a long, honorable and glorious career. Founded near the beginning of the War of 1914-1918, it was composed of young volunteer drivers of Ambulances attached to the Army of France. Many of the original volunteers, then as now, were very young boys. All of them were, then as now, dedicated to the cause of Freedom and Civilization.

The record of these men in that earlier war was distinguished by devotion and sacrifice. Both as individuals and sections, the Service won many decorations for valor. Their light ambulances, the first of their type in history, operated up to the front lines in most of the famous battles of the war.

Now again in this war against the same common enemy and for the same ideals, the American Field Service is supplying ambulances and drivers to the troops of the Allied Nations. The same type of young American has joined up again, many of them long before Pearl Harbor. They have been working again side by side with their old friends, the French soldiers wherever the Fighting French Troops are operating. Their record of heroism and sacrifice has been the same as that of the earlier generation at Chateau Thierry, at Mont Kemmel, on the Chemin des Dames, at Verdun. The story of the American Field Service drivers at Bir Hacheim in this war matches the record of the most heroic achievements of the other generation.

The American Field Service symbolizes that close and ancient bond between the peoples of all the world who love Liberty. The organization is entirely supported by voluntary contribution. It is a great organization with a great past, a great present, a great future. Each one of us can help in his own way the effort and sacrifice being made by these American boys.

LOUIS BROMFIELD



ON THE PIER AT TOBRUK, 1942

Photograph by Croswell Bowen

AMBULANCE SERVICE HEADQUARTERS IN MIDDLE EAST

The following article consists of material taken from letters and comments of the noted sculptor, Stuart Benson, who for the past year has been liaison officer with the American Field Service in the Middle East. Major Benson had previously driven an ambulance in France before she fell in 1940.

STEPHEN GALATTI

Director General, American Field Service

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE has twice in two generations served the Armies of France having its own HQ in Paris. When in 1942 the first contingent of ambulance drivers arrived in Cairo, to serve in the Middle East attached for the first time to the British Forces, the problems of organizing and operating an HQ, which seemed at first similar, turned out to be vastly different. When my chief and I arrived in Cairo in January 1942, having flown north from Capetown in advance of the men to make preparations for their arrival, we thought we knew just how to go about our business. We had credentials and introductions and our quarters to find. We knew we were expected—we had been told so weeks before we left New York. What we did not know was the Middle East nor Cairo nor the shorthandedness and pressure under which everyone was working. Communications and great distances had made their mark. When we presented ourselves we were greeted with surprise. The man who knew all about us was "up in the blue." It was hastily explained that "up in the blue" meant out in the desert. His office had been moved recently, it was thought to be in the next block of buildings. Off we went and after an extensive tour of the British official quarters found ourselves in the right office. Surprise again; . . . but the files on AFS were there. Progress! headway! . . . we were getting somewhere. We discovered that the ambulances were in use awaiting the arrival of our personnel. This was good news, for it meant definite work for the men as soon as they showed up. There was a need for us, such a need that our British Allies had been using our equipment from the moment of its arrival.

We were shown what they called our office,—and who were we to disclaim it, for all we knew all the offices were just dismantled kitchen and pantry sets. Later we found that we had been singularly favoured, for few offices had their own running water. Water . . . soon we were to learn that in the Middle East water ranks not in the public-utility-something-you-take-for-granted class. There, it is a boon bestowed by sparing Gods. We set about to fix up our office, our AFS headquarters. Planks over one of the sinks made a good solid desk, someone arrived bringing a gift of a few chairs, packing crates made shelves, and so on until we had ourselves outfitted.

We were given elaborate looking passes,—the elaborateness due to the several languages in which they were written,—to allow us in and out of the military section, barbed wire enclosed, where AFS headquarters is located.

It is my job to contact the press, military, etc., to whom AFS meant or might mean something. My work began with days of waiting for someone to come back down out of



BARGE LEAVING TOBRUK HARBOR FOR HOSPITAL SHIP

Photograph by Croswell Bowen

that "blue"; or just missing a correspondent who had been sent on to his next post before the man from the home office showed up; or waiting my turn for an interview with men I believed to be among the busiest men on earth,—officials business-managing the War. An unforeseen fact set me back on my heels for a while. In Paris in 1940 I knew people who helped me contact others, here in Cairo, I didn't know a soul but the chief. We were practically the first Americans here. But what looked at first like a misfortune turned out to be an asset. When my contacts found I was the advance guard of several hundred Americans, they were more than cordial. My chief and I, although only a drop in the bucket in our jobs with AFS, meant the long-hoped-for American aid. We were flesh and blood, on the spot symbols that the U. S. was actively a United Nations partner. This shot in the arm that our presence imparted was even noticeable among the natives and the soldiers, to whom the fact of Lend-Lease meant little; actual American men who were here to work with them meant everything.

That double headed bugaboo, distance and communications proved itself the worst nuisance. For instance, we would hear that a group of the ambulances were in a machine shop somewhere towards Alexandria, and decide to go have a look at them, leaving at once. It turned out, however, that we would not be able to go for three days. We did not know the way, it was far and would involve quite a time to make the round trip, and there were no chauffeur guides who could be spared at the moment. This incident is a very minor occurrence compared to others we have had.

After the drivers arrived and had been sent to work out in the desert, we had occasion to go up to our Field Headquarters and look things over. When we reached the point in the desert several hundred miles away from Cairo, the field HQ was not there. This is war and ambulance companies follow the front lines, this we well knew, but to have them send no communication advising of their removal when they knew we were on the way, that was irritating.

Of course, there are always problems and difficulties in life, and in war a maximum have to be expected. A sprinkling of these, however, have acted as stimulants to our initiative and determination and we have added to our knowledge and wisdom, ably assisted by that oldest of teachers, experience. The British have helped and coached us on every side, and the AFS as an active war ambulance service has taken shape.

Our volunteers arrive for the most part equipped with enthusiasm, high spirits and energy that they have stored up on the long trip over; but, they are completely green and must be drilled and trained before they go out to work at the front. To accomplish this the British have allotted a portion of Mobilization Center to AFS. Here the men work with the ambulances and are drilled in the fundamentals of Military discipline. To MOB Center, as it is commonly called, also come instructions as to what military units need our men, how many are wanted, etc. The transportation of the new units from America is inevitably spasmodic, and each shipment varies as to the number of men on board. Where only two or three men arrive they are often sent out together to join existing units, or to separate units each, where they can be trained by our own trained men. In the case of large units they are either trained to form a platoon of themselves; or trained as a group to be split up later, parts going to various units already out at work.

AFS units serving with the British Forces are set up according to the British Army

ambulance car company method; with our men being given the courtesy ranks of corresponding British officers. AFS has two ambulance car companies, one in Syria and one in the Western Desert. To date those stationed in the Western Desert have had the most grueling work, so that whenever possible the men out there are interchanged with those in Syria after being at work for a period. These manipulations of personnel are subject to abrupt cancellation by that most uncooperative element, the enemy, who may suddenly make a push and put the AFS ambulanciers back to work harder than ever.

The AFS picture in service with the gallant Fighting French is somewhat different. The ambulance section with the Fighting French had an able leader in Alan Stuyvesant, who was captured by the Germans at Bir Hacheim. He came out to the Middle East a year before we did, and with a small group of volunteers, all of whom had sailed too late to serve in the Battle of France, served the Fighting French through the 1941 Syrian campaign and remained on. With the French there is one section consisting of 20 ambulances and their drivers. These drivers are interchangeable and have been under the chief's jurisdiction since our arrival here. The AFS French unit is small, as is the Army which it serves, but they are nevertheless a vital part of the United Nations' war effort in the Middle East.

(STUART BENSON)

(Major, American Field Service)



LOADING WOUNDED ON AMBULANCE, MIDDLE EAST, 1942

Photograph by Croswell Bowen



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, 1914-18

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

NIGHT CONVOY

by TOR TORLAND

Tobruk, Bardia, Sollum, Sidi Barrani, Mersa Matruh, El Daba . . . this was the order of our itinerary during those last days in June, along the winding black strip of tarmac that twists beside the Mediterranean from Tripoli to Alexandria.

We were twenty ambulances of the American Field Service, attached temporarily to a Field Ambulance near El Daba, awaiting the last delivery of wounded before removing to a quieter area. All that day we waited by our ambulances, near our slit trenches, listening to the not-too-distant crump of the artillery, alert for enemy planes, ready to clear out at a moment's notice should Jerry break through.

Finally, at nine-thirty that evening a courier came over to our camp and requested ten ambulances. McMeekan and I, with five ambulances each, reported to the headquarters' tent and got our instructions. My five, loaded four wounded each at various hospital tents, in darkness, and gathered in line near the road. There an English officer met me and asked me to take some other ambulances (not AFS) in my convoy. McMeekan was not yet loaded, time was short, Jerry near . . . so, after getting convoy instructions to proceed some fifty miles down the road to an advanced Dressing Station, I checked my eighteen drivers, we cranked up, and moved onto the road.

It turned out to be a night not soon to be forgotten. Ten miles down, a Bren gun carrier stopped us. Some New Zealanders had been bombed on the road a few minutes before. Would I look at two of their "cobbers" who had stopped some shrapnel while running for cover? I protested that I was NOT a medical officer, but went over to the Bren gun carrier to make a precursory examination before sending them back to Daba. One poor lad was shredded to ribbons and quite dead. The other had a terrible wound in his chest but was still breathing. I redistributed seven sitting patients among the other ambulances and sent Howard Terrell, one of our AFS unit, back to the Field Ambulance with the wounded man, who, incidentally, died en route.

We proceeded on through the night again. A quarter of an hour later, while driving around a great bend of the road near the sea, three jerry bombers came in from over the Mediterranean and dropped several sticks of bombs, all of which missed us by at least a hundred yards. But the noise and flame of the explosions were terrible. No harm had been done, the Jerries buzzed off, and we started up again.

Now, I got out onto a fender, while Bill Carter drove. I hoped to make out the road sign of our AFS destination from this position. The moon was full and bright by this time, good for seeing signs . . . good, also for strafing planes, one of which came over our convoy ten minutes later. His tracers, a long chain of them, went fifteen feet over our heads.

A little later on, the enemy planes were coming over in earnest and were bombing on and off the road a half-mile or two behind us. One bomb must have hit a petrol depot a



ON THE FRENCH FRONT 1914-18

few hundred yards from the road, for it blazed fiercely and could be seen for several miles. We ran past this spot safely. But still there was no sign of our destination, even though our speedometers now registered the exact mileage. Occasionally, when looking back over our convoy from the running board of our lead car, I could see great flashes at sea as well as the distant flames caused by bombing behind us. We ran ten miles further and decided then that in the best interests of the patients, all of whom were serious battle casualties, we had better make for the city thirty miles down the road. We pushed on to it, through the dawn, protected from air raids at that hour by more than sixty barrage balloons glimmering high in the first light. A visit to a petrol dump to refuel, and from there I phoned two hospitals. They were full up at the moment. They told me to try at a hospital some thirty miles farther on. Bill and I were almost asleep at the wheel by this time, as were all our other drivers. It had been a hard, nerve-wracking night, but we were almost through.

Five miles from the hospital, a lorry sideswiped us and crumpled a fender. This was the only damage to man or machine we sustained.

At the hospital, they took our patients, and we took pot luck breakfasts of porridge and sausage and immediately fell into our stretchers for a much earned cat nap before driving back for another job.

CANTEEN SERVICE

by RALPH WOODWORTH, JR.

I have been running the canteen for some time now and to say that it has been mobile would be putting it mildly. From Tahag to the Desert we stopped at several stagings, overnight camp grounds, and at each of these I arranged it so that I could sell goods to the men.

On arrival at Tobruk, I chose a sturdy dugout for myself and my canteen supplies. The roof was made of four by five timbers, placed closely together, with boards and corrugated iron sheeting and two feet of earth above. Inside, in a space of some eight feet by eight, the canteen started to supply the men with cigarettes, milk chocolate, canned fruits and like delicacies.

About my supplies; they are obtained from the NAAFI (initials for the Navy-Army-Air-Forces Institute), which we call Naffy. It supplies goods in bulk to company canteens. An American volunteer in the desert, with many Yanks to serve, I was bewildered to learn that we were allowed one can of American beer per man per week. With a certain amount of subtlety and much inherited Scotch canniness, coupled with a bit of Vermont small town friendliness and a natural liking for these grand Tommies, I finally convinced the rather reserved manager that a can of beer per man per *day* would not make us too heady. Our unusual status in the army system was the final telling point . . . and you should have seen the dugout filled with cardboard cartons of American beer.

I have just taken over the new building and added my stock to that of a previous Ambulance Car Company. A counter, covered with red and white checked oil cloth, shelves, and a shell case underneath the counter to hold edibles and to keep out the



WEAVING AN AMBULANCE CAMOUFLAGE NET, EGYPT, 1942

Photograph by Croswell Bowen

Tobruk rats . . . all I need is a stove and a cracker barrel! . . . The first day here was a good success. A few of these fine Tank lads dropped in and got some chocolate and beer. One of them gave me an Iron Cross that he'd found in an abandoned Jerry dugout. What a keepsake. And what amazing tales this fellow had to tell . . . his tank in the middle of a mine field . . . and he brought it through safely.

Bombing tonight, for the sixth time. The Ack-ack guns surely let down a shower of shrapnel. It patters on the ground like a summer shower, the kind that just precedes the first flash of lightning. At night, an English corporal sleeps under one of the canteen tables and I under another. He is a former Commando. I ask, "Is that a bomb or a shell?" He answers "Whichever it is, it's far away." So I sleep.

Rain! A flood of water sweeps down the Canteen steps and floods the room. An hour later it is dry. Only the sand bags remain damp. The room smells a bit like a new subway station.

Many trips to the Naffy now. Canned calves tongues one day, Brussels sprouts another. Some days, there's very little to be had. All this, of course, is independent of our mess. Even here, in the middle of the War, our food is well cooked and is wholesome.

Today, to the beach for my third swim. En route there, minefields to the right and left!

More days have gone by. The canteen is doing well by the men.

Tonight, a hunch. Yes, a hunch. Let's pack up the canteen stores and load them on my three-tonner. Overnight . . . packed. The hunch was good: the next morning we're off. Jerry was only five miles away. Long lines of cars, trucks and ambulances. Finally we are behind the lines. Then—sorting out. Lost very little, mostly invoices and letters. Have located the new Naffy. A fifty mile drive for canteen supplies. Selling from the three-tonner and then from a tent. All in all, everything is going very well.

En route to here and there. Jerry bombed the hell out of us last night, thinking he was hitting the main road. Right after one hit quite near, I clambered out of my slit trench and sold beer and chocolate to Tommies who had come in from the road. Talked with them for awhile and then went back to the trench.

Personal reactions to all this. I am glad to help out. The bombs have been a nuisance, yes, and so have the machine guns and shells; but it has been good to know all these men of ours and the Tommies from the Royal Engineers, the Tanks, the Infantry, and so on. Over my counters I have seen and heard much. This I shall always treasure as one of life's greatest experiences.



TRANSPORTING WOUNDED TO FIELD HOSPITAL, NORTH AFRICA, 1942

Photograph by Croswell Bowen

WITH THE FIGHTING FRENCH AT BIR HACHEIM

by LORENZO SEMPLE, 3RD

On June first, the French sent out an offensive column from Bir Hacheim to Rotunda Seganali, a point about thirty miles behind the Axis lines and directly athwart their communications. After a great deal of persuasion Alan got the French consent to our sending two ambulances out with the expedition. We cut cards, and Kulak and I won the assignment. We started off at about noon, heading Northwest over the trackless desert, with a force of men and a number of batteries of Artillery.

From the start, the expedition was ill fated. We were strafed three times on the way out. Several of the armoured cars escorting us were hit and there were some casualties. Kulak turned around to take the wounded back to Hacheim, while I went on ahead. We camped for the night, dispersed over a wide area, lest the Luftwaffe should find us and give us a pounding. Our AA protection was light. Suddenly we heard a roar and a group of three ME 110's appeared flying very low. As they approached they opened with cannon and machine guns. The first attack resulted in several minor casualties, and the Doctor and I set out to pick up the wounded. We were just bandaging one fellow when the planes returned . . . in much greater force. They used the same tactics as before. While we were throwing ourselves on the ground, one plane fired directly on the Ambulance which we'd hurriedly left. A stream of glowing cannon shells hit on both sides of the lone ambulance, missing it, and the shells ricocheted on down the depression, where they accidentally blew up a petrol supply truck. From then on, we were attacked again and again until dark, with light bombs as well as guns. Finally we rounded up all the casualties, a few of them severe, and improvised a hospital in a sheltered depression between two hills. A stray bullet had smashed the light inside my ambulance; so I operated a hand generator flashlight while the doctor worked.

Since the column was planning to move on the next morning, it was necessary somehow to evacuate the wounded. A radio message was sent back to Bir Hacheim, calling for a relief column of ambulances. Alan and the rest of them started off at once that night. After a grueling drive across the desert, they arrived at our rendezvous at seven in the morning. Fortunately, heavy dust storms protected us from the air. We delivered the wounded to them and then moved ahead to rejoin our column, which had left at dawn; they immediately started back to Bir Hacheim. On the way, about fifteen miles from their destination, Alan had a flat tire. He insisted that the others go on as they had wounded aboard. One of the Foreign Legion drivers they had borrowed, a Persian, stayed behind to help him. Meanwhile, entirely unknown to any of them, the Germans were moving heavy forces up to Hacheim for a real full-scale attempt to take the stronghold, which was interfering with their communications problem. The other eight ambulances slipped into camp just as the Germans started to shell them. Alan was not so fortunate. It seems that he was actually within sight of the camp when a German armoured car rushed up and captured him.



"A NEAR MISS", NORTH AFRICA, 1942

Photograph by Croswell Bowen



EVACUATION OF WOUNDED TO HOSPITAL SHIP, NORTH AFRICA, 1942

Photograph by Croswell Bowen



ON THE WESTERN FRONT, 1914-18

EXHIBITION OF
AMERICAN
PROVINCIAL
PAINTINGS

☆ 1680 - 1860 ☆

From the Collection of J. Stuart Halladay
and Herrel George Thomas ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

OCTOBER 27TH TO NOVEMBER 19TH

I 9 4 2



WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
10 WEST EIGHTH STREET • NEW YORK

I N T R O D U C T I O N

THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART is greatly indebted to Mr. Herrel George Thomas and to Mr. J. Stuart Halladay for the opportunity of placing on exhibition their private collection of provincial paintings. Mr. Halladay in the last World War served as a member of the American Field Service, an organization which has a distinguished record in two wars and on many fronts.

For several reasons these paintings are unusually appropriate to this place and at this time and for the purpose to which they are dedicated. This building housed the Whitney Studio Club, the predecessor of the present Museum, and was the scene of one of the first exhibitions of provincial paintings to be held in this country. It is through the early enthusiasm of Juliana Force, the Director, that the Museum has been a pioneer in this informal side of our native tradition in the arts.

The word provincial designates a kind of painting that was practiced for the most part outside of the more sophisticated metropolitan centers, it grew from the soil of the handicrafts, the work, in general, of the artisan and of the amateur with little or no academic training in the technique of painting. It flourished at its best from Colonial times to the middle of the 19th Century, and it is this period in our history which is covered by the discriminating selection of portraits, landscapes, still lifes and genre subjects which comprise this collection.

At a time when we are forced to defend our American heritage and to call upon every resource of our past to strengthen us, we can turn with considerable pride to the unpretentious but vital work of our Provincial painters, the most democratic strain in our native culture, for it was essentially an art of and for the common man.

HERMON MORE, *Curator*
A. F. S. S.S.U.12

C A T A L O G U E

ANONYMOUS

1. JAMES MONROE, Pastel, $32\frac{1}{2}$ " x 24" About 1790

ANONYMOUS

2. PORTRAIT OF CHILD IN EMPIRE FROCK, Oil on canvas, $26\frac{1}{2}$ " x $22\frac{1}{2}$ " About 1810

EDWARD HICKS

3. PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS, Oil on canvas, $17\frac{1}{2}$ " x $23\frac{1}{2}$ " About 1830

J. N. EATON

4. CONVERSATION PIECE, Oil on wood, 23" x $23\frac{3}{4}$ " About 1800

A. ARNOLD

5. COOPERS PLAINS, NEW YORK, Oil on canvas, 31" x 46" About 1860

J. BRADLEY

6. PORTRAIT OF BOY ON EMPIRE SOFA, Oil on canvas, $34\frac{1}{2}$ " x 27" About 1830

H. BUNDY

7. PORTRAIT OF BOY IN BROWN SUIT, Oil on canvas, 28" x 24" 1842

R. FEAKE, (Attributed to)

8. EBENEZER COFFIN OF NANTUCKET, Oil on wood, $13\frac{1}{4}$ " x $10\frac{3}{8}$ " 1728

ANONYMOUS

9. ROBERT LOCKRIDGE DORR OF CHATHAM CENTER, NEW YORK, Oil on canvas,
22" x 18" 1815

ANONYMOUS

10. PORTRAIT OF GIRL IN PINK DRESS, Oil on canvas, 36" x 29" About 1820-1830

ANONYMOUS

11. HARRIOT GUION OF NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK, Oil on academy board,
 $20\frac{1}{2}$ " x $14\frac{1}{2}$ " 1800

MICAH WILLIAMS

12. SOLOMON AVERY OF NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, Oil on canvas, 26" x 22"
About 1790

ANONYMOUS

13. PORTRAIT OF A MAN, Oil on canvas, 31½" x 25" July, 1820

ANONYMOUS

14. PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN, Oil on canvas, 31½" x 25" July, 1820

HERING

15. DR. J. KIRKPATRICK OF NEW JERSEY, Oil on wood, 30" x 25" 1817

HERING

16. MRS. J. KIRKPATRICK OF NEW JERSEY, Oil on wood, 30" x 25" 1817

ANONYMOUS

17. JONATHAN HALE OF SOUTH GLASTONBURY, CONNECTICUT, Oil on academy
board, 17¾" x 14" About 1760

ANONYMOUS

18. THE COLDEN FAMILY OF COLDENHAM, NEW YORK, Oil on canvas, 38" x 53"
About 1770

ANONYMOUS

19. WILLIAM G. HARDER OF GHENT, NEW YORK, Oil on canvas, 30½" x 24½"
About 1820

ANONYMOUS

20. MRS. WILLIAM G. HARDER OF GHENT, NEW YORK, Oil on canvas,
30½" x 24½" About 1820

PRYSE CAMPBELL

21. REVOLUTIONARY PORTRAIT, Oil on canvas, 24" x 20" 1784

PRYSE CAMPBELL

22. REVOLUTIONARY PORTRAIT, Oil on canvas, 24" x 20" 1784

ANONYMOUS

23. JACOB EDWARDS OF DANBURY, CONNECTICUT, Watercolor on paper,
17" x 13½" 1788

ANONYMOUS

24. MRS. JACOB EDWARDS OF DANBURY, CONNECTICUT, Watercolor on paper,
17" x 13½" 1788

ANONYMOUS

25. PORTRAIT OF CHILD IN RED DRESS, Oil on canvas, 30" x 25" About 1830

ANONYMOUS

26. GIRL HOLDING BASKET OF FRUIT, Oil on crudely planed pine panel, 17" x 15½"
About 1680

ANONYMOUS

27. MISS GIBBS OF SHENANGO COUNTY, NEW YORK, Oil on canvas, 30" x 25"
About 1730

ANONYMOUS

28. MR. CARPENTER OF SCHODACK, NEW YORK, Watercolor on paper, 14" x 10½"
About 1810

JOSEPH H. HEADLEY

29. POESTENKILL, NEW YORK — WINTER, Oil on octagonal wooden panel,
18½" x 24⅞" About 1850-1860

JOSEPH H. HEADLEY

30. POESTENKILL, NEW YORK — SUMMER, Oil on wood, 20" x 29⅞"
About 1850-1860

JOSEPH H. HEADLEY

31. GLASS HOUSE LAKE, NEW YORK, Oil on canvas, 13" x 21" About 1850-1860

JOSEPH H. HEADLEY

32. WEST SAND LAKE, NEW YORK, Oil on canvas, 25¼" x 33½" About 1860

PIETER VANDERLYN, (Attributed to)

33. JOHANNES LAWYER, FOUNDER OF SCHOHARIE COUNTY, NEW YORK STATE.
SETTLED LAWYERSVILLE AND SHARON SPRINGS, Oil on canvas, 40½" x 34½"
1720

F. W. GOODWIN

34. PORTRAIT OF RACHEL B. SMITH OF ITHACA, Oil on canvas 30" x 23¾" 1830

J. G. SAWIN

35. MOUNT VERNON LANDSCAPE, Oil on wood, 18¾" x 27" 1849

ANONYMOUS

36. PORTRAIT OF CHILD HOLDING RATTLE, Oil on canvas, 28" x 23" About 1830

W. M. PRIOR

37. PORTRAIT OF CHILD WITH DOG, Tempera on academy board, 16" x 12" 1841

ANONYMOUS

38. PORTRAIT OF CHILD HOLDING WHIP, Tempera on academy board, 14" x 10"
About 1840

ANONYMOUS

39. PORTRAIT OF CHILD HOLDING CHERRIES, Tempera on academy board,
14½" x 10" About 1840

J. D. CORTWRIGHT

40. PORTRAIT OF LOUISA AGNES BRIGHT OF LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS, Tempera
on academy board, 15" x 10" 1838

ANONYMOUS

41. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Oil on canvas, 27" x 24½" About 1800

L. J. HAMBLIN

42. AARON JEWETT OF LONGMEADOW, MASSACHUSETTS, Tempera on academy board,
14" x 10" 1841

L. J. HAMBLIN

43. MRS. AARON JEWETT OF LONGMEADOW, MASSACHUSETTS, Tempera on academy
board, 14" x 10"

ANONYMOUS

44. CAPTAIN THOMAS BAKER OF KENNEBUNK PORT, MAINE, Oil on canvas,
39½" x 31½" About 1800

MARY E. STERLING

45. WINTER PASTIME, Oil on academy board, 11" x 15" 1860

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MASON

46. THE BUGBEE FAMILY OF SOUTH POMFRET, VERMONT, Oil on academy board,
18" x 24" 1826

ANONYMOUS

47. MRS. JENKINS OF ALBANY, Oil on canvas, 30" x 25" About 1810

ANONYMOUS

48. MR. COLE OF RHODE ISLAND, Oil on canvas, 36" x 29" About 1810

PHILLIPS, (Attributed to)

49. MRS. STEPHEN FILER (ARMIRA WILSON FILER) OF WINSTED, CONNECTICUT,
Oil on canvas, 35½" x 29" 1820

PHILIP SNYDER

50. HOTEL SCHOHARIE, Oil on canvas, 24" x 36" 1828

ANONYMOUS

51. PORTRAIT OF RACHEL NORTON OF DURHAM, GREENE COUNTY, NEW YORK,
Oil on canvas, 30" x 24½" About 1830

S. JORDAN

52. PORTRAIT OF YOUNG MAN HOLDING BOOK, Oil on canvas, 23¾" x 19¾" 1831

MARIA CONANT

53. FRED AND ELLA ROBERTSON OF CAMBRIDGE, NEW YORK, Oil on canvas,
50" x 40" 1843

ANONYMOUS

54. PORTRAIT OF MRS. POWERS, Oil on wood, 27" x 22½" About 1815

ANONYMOUS

55. SCENE IN SHARON, CONNECTICUT, Watercolor on paper, 10½" x 14" About 1800

ANONYMOUS

56. RAILROAD ENGINE "THE STAR", Watercolor on paper, 21" x 25" About 1840-1850

EMMA CADY OF NEW LEBANON, NEW YORK

57. STILL LIFE, Watercolor on paper, 16" x 19½" About 1820

ANONYMOUS

58. CHILD IN PINK DRESS WITH PUG DOG, Oil on canvas, 28" x 23½" About 1825

T. H. WENTWORTH

59. PORTRAIT OF SARAH WARNER BIRGE (MRS. JASON SAGE), Watercolor on paper,
6" x 5" 1822

L. A. BRIGGS

60. THE STAFFORDSHIRE, Watercolor on paper, 17" x 22" 1851

SUSAN FAUNTLEROY QUARLES NICHOLSON, OF BALTIMORE, MD.

61. PORTRAIT OF WOMAN HOLDING LARGE BIBLE, Oil on canvas, 32" x 25"
About 1820

ANONYMOUS

62. PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHILDS OF PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA, Oil on canvas,
27" x 23" About 1810

ANONYMOUS

63. PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN, Oil on canvas, 25" x 15½" About 1820

ANONYMOUS

64. EXOTIC LANDSCAPE, Oil on canvas, 19" x 21" About 1830

ANONYMOUS

65. MISS REBECCA FREESE OF CAIRO FORGE, NEW YORK, Watercolor on paper,
6½" x 5" About 1800-1810

ANONYMOUS

66. ASHBEL SMITH OF TEXAS, Crayon drawing, 6½" x 5½" About 1820-1830

ANONYMOUS

67. HENRY SMITH OF TEXAS, Crayon drawing, 6½" x 5½" About 1820-1830

ANONYMOUS

68. YOUNG MAN WITH RED HAIR, Watercolor on paper, 9" x 8" About 1810

ELISHA HATCH

69. MRS. STEPHEN HATCH OF CANAAN, NEW YORK, Watercolor on paper, 9" x 7"
About 1835

ANONYMOUS

70. PHILLIP RAINOR, Watercolor on paper, 7" x 5½" About 1810

ANONYMOUS

71. MASTER SIDNEY RAINOR, Watercolor on paper, 5" x 4" About 1810

ANONYMOUS

72. PHILIP SNYDER OF SCHOHARIE, OWNER OF HOTEL SCHOHARIE, Watercolor on paper, 4½" x 2½" About 1820

M. WARREN, JR.

73. ORIN KNOULTON AND HIS SISTERS, Watercolor on paper, each 5" x 3" 1829

ANONYMOUS

74. THE REVEREND LUTHER HART AND MRS. HART OF GOSHEN, CONNECTICUT, Watercolor on paper, 3½" x 5" About 1820-1830

ANONYMOUS

75. GIRL IN YELLOW DRESS, Crayon and watercolor on paper, 8" x 6" About 1800

ANONYMOUS

76. PORTRAIT OF EMMA CLARK, Watercolor on paper, 5½" x 4½" 1829

ANONYMOUS

77. SALLY VREELAND, AGE 3 YEARS, 7 MONTHS, Watercolor on paper, 9" x 7" About 1810

ANONYMOUS

78. JANE BOTTOMLEY, AGED 5 YEARS, Watercolor on paper, 6" x 8" About 1800

ANONYMOUS

79. FRANK BOTTOMLEY, AGED 7 YEARS, Watercolor on paper, 6" x 8" About 1800

ANONYMOUS

80. ALDEN SPOONER OF LANCASTER, MASSACHUSETTS, Oil on canvas, 29¼" x 23¼" 1827

ANONYMOUS

81. MRS. ALDEN SPOONER OF LANCASTER, MASSACHUSETTS, Oil on canvas, 29¼" x 23¼" 1827

